Transcripts - Forever Dreaming

Thousands of current or popular TV shows and movie transcripts for online research and education.
https://transcripts.foreverdreaming.org/

02x02 - All Better Now

https://transcripts.foreverdreaming.org/viewtopic.php?t=9011

02x02 - All Better Now

by **bunniefuu** Posted: **01/24/02 22:59**

[Justin dashes across the streetto Brian's loft. He hops up the stairs and knocks on thedoor.]

Justin: Brian! Brian! Brian!

[The door opens, but Chris Hobbes is on the other side.Before Justin can react, Hobbes grabs him and pulls himinto the loft. Justin screams...and wakes up in his ownbed. Jennifer runs in.]

Jen: Justin! Sweetheart, it's just a dream.

[She touches his shoulder.]

Justin: Don't touch me. [he cries.]

[Emmett, Ted and Brian survey theaction on the dancefloor from the stairs. Emmett staresat a go-go dancer.]

Emmett: God, I want his a*s.

Ted: Who doesn't?

Emmett: No, I mean I'm really want his a*s, not thistired old thing.

Ted: You've always said you're a*s is you're findestfeatures.

Emmett: Only laterly is looking a little peaked.

Brian: Yeah, well, maybe it needs a rest.

Emmett: What it's need is a lift.

Ted: You're too young for a plastic surgery.

Emmett: Ha, ha. This life can wear you out by the timeyou're thirty. Right, Brian? Besides it's something we'reall striving for - no matter what age.

Ted: Trust me, take it from me. Who do you let hands with- very pricely.

Emmett: What? Teddy, don't tell me you're that work done.

Brian: Yeah, because if you have, I'd sue.

Ted: I'm speaking in my profession proposerty as anfinanciel advicer - Butt work costs big bucks.

Emmett: Big bucks I don't have.

Brian: Well, maybe you can sell that old tired a*s for anew one.

[Michael comes to them.]

Michael: I just had the most amazing f*cking blowjob.Want a bump?

Ted: No.

Emmett: Thanks, no.

Brian: No.

Michael: What's wrong with you, guys?

Ted: It's late. Tomorrow is a work day.

Brian: Yeah, for some of us.

Emmett: Sightseeing is over.

Michael: It's early. C'mon, we've just got here. Par-tay!

[Ted and Emmett are leaving.]

Brian: You've been partying ever since you got back.

Michael: So what if I have? I'm free now. I can stay allnight and f*ck my breans out like you. Stands.

Brian: I don't want to.

Michael: It'll be good for you, old. Take remind a thing.

Brian: I've said, I don't want to.

Michael: You always like dancing with Justin.

[Brian gets up and walks away without saying anotherword.]

[The next morning. Ted, Emmettand Mike sit at the counter at the Liberty Diner. Mikelooks like hell and tired.]

Deb: Okay boys, what would'll be? [She looks to her son.]Jesus Christ, what happened to you?

Michael: I'm not quite sure, but whatever it was my headfeels like the dancefloor in Babylon.

Deb: Well, that's what you get for sucking and f*ck all hours, huh? On a school night.

Michael: I'm not in school, Ma.

Deb: Well, maybe you should be. You've got a lot oflearning to do.

Michael: Before we're start the lecture I order first,please?

Deb: I want you to hear what I have to say on an emptystomach, so maybe you'll digest it. Get over David. Get ajob. Get on with your life. Now. What will it be?

Michael: Beacon and eggs, eggs over beacon and very,very, very, very easy.

Emmett: Mmmh, make it two.

Ted: Three.

Deb: And plenty of black coffee.

[Debbie goes away.]

Emmett: You're mom's right, sweetie for you're owndignety, for you're own self-worth. Not to mention youhave to rent. You're need to go back to work.

Michael: Do what?

Ted: Well, there's always the Big Q.

Emmett: He doesn't want to go back to the crapemployment. He needs to try something new, somethingdaring. Something fabulous.

Ted: f*ck fabulous. He needs something steady, somethingpractical. Something secure.

Emmett: Like being an accountant?

Ted: He should only be so lucky. I've got a pension fund,a health plan and most importantly piece of mine. I go tosleep every night knowing that thirty-one years from now,when I retire from Wertshafter and Company, I can movedown to Boca and live like a king.

Emmett: Or queen.

[Deb comes with the orders.]

Deb: So, what would you like on your toast, Your Majesty?Strawberry jam or caviar?

[Mel and Lindsay's garden. Guswatches from his stroller, his mom and dad struggle tobuild him a swing set.]

Brian: Attached part a, part j to part k. Using agrag...? What the f*ck is a gragert?

Lindsay: Beats me. I'm sure Mel would now. She's a whizwith the hardware.

Brian: Oh, I bet (!) Do you think we should hire someoneelse?

Lindsay: Hey, it's your duty as a father to build yourson's first swing set. Now get cracking -- I want itready in time for his first birthday.

Brian: I know -- it seems like only yesterday I wasjacking off into that cup.

Lindsay: And you and Michael and Justin were tearing intothe room. You couldn't believe you had a son.

Brian: Two sons.

Lindsay: Why don't you give his mother a call and see howhe's doing?

Brian: She doesn't want me to see him again.

Lindsay: I know, but maybe when you spoke to her...

Brian: No, she's right. It's better this way. [They tryto stand the swing set up.] f*ck this! Maybe I'll have itbuilt in time for your wedding.

Lindsay: Oh, there will be no wedding. Mel turned medown. [Brian laughs.] Oh, it's nice to see you laughing,finally, as*h*le.

Brian: You found propose to her and she blew you off? Howcome?

Lindsay: Well, for reasons I'm sure you would appreciate.'I don't think a meaningless heterosexual ritual wouldprove our love, and it wouldn't be legal anyway.'

Brian: You can't argue with that.

Lindsay: Okay, I was on the debate team. I can argueanything.

Brian: But I think for once I agree with Melanie. f*ck. f*ck rituals. And f*ck this swing set!

[Lindsay laughs.]

[At The Big Q, Tracy gives Mike abig hug.]

Tracy: Mike! It's so good to see you.

Michael: You, too, Trac.

Tracy: What made you come back? You were really excitedabout goin'.

Michael: David and I broke up.

Tracy: Oh. I'm sorry.

Michael: Yeah, so I'm just gonna picking up what I leftup to come by here and see if my old job is...

Andrew: Well, look who's honouring us with his presents.

Michael: Hey, Andrew.

Andrew: Never tought you see again, Novotny.

Tracy: Mike moves back to Pittsburgh.

Andrew: No kidding. I must have missed it on the news.Aren't you supposed you to re-stocking?

Tracy: Yes, sir.

[she leaves them alone.]

Andrew: So, things didn't work out, huh?

Michael: I wouldn't say that. Sometimes you've got to trynew things. Discover what's right for you. Find out whereyou really belong. And I discovered what's right for meis being here. Maybe they give me my old job back.

Andrew: Oh, I hate brake it to you, but you're old job isbeing filled.

Michael: Oh...

Andrew: After you left, Don promoted me.

Michael: That's great.

Andrew: Yeah, as glas to see you finally you came tosenses. So, I guess you're outta luck.

Michael: I guess, I am. Um, well if you happen to hearanything...

Andrew: Well, as a matter of fact we do have a positionfor which I think you would be ideally suited since youalready had it. Assistant Manager.

Michael: You mean, working for you.

Andrew: You've got it. Let me know if you're interested.

[Debbie's kitchen.]

Jen: He had nightmares like last night. I won't me toconfort him but the doctor says it's normal - even ifthat call normal, that kind of behavoir. If someones beenattacked but to see him in that kind of pain... You know,I'm wanna help him, only it's seemed have... I can't.

Deb: It's okay. [Jen cries. Debbie offers ahandkerchief.] Here.

Jen: Thanks.

Vic: Have some coconut cake.

Jen: Oh, no thanks.

Deb: Vic made it - himself.

Vic: Yeah, it's my warm-up for Gus's birthday.

Deb: He used to be a pastry chef.

Vic: Black bottoms were my specialty.

Deb: I didn't say a word.

[Jen tries a piece of it.]

Jen: Mmmh, mmmh, this is good.

Deb: Too good.

Vic: We f*ggots are a talented bunch. You got a hand instand.

Deb: And indestructible, too. If A*DS and g*y bashers andcrackpot Christians, and f*cking Republicans can'tdestroy you, then nothing can!

Vic: And Justin will make it, too. You'll see.

Jen: Uh, I got to run. Molly's gonna come back from herplay date. Thanks for the cake.

Vic: We'll see you, Jen.

[Debbie walks Jennifer to the door.]

Deb: You know, Jennifer, they say that a boy's bestfriend, especially a g*y boy, is his mother. That's notalways the case. Maybe he needs someone else. Somebodywho can get close to him. More important somebody that hewill be close to.

Jen: Debbie, I'm sorry but not after what happened.

Deb: Well, it was just a suggestion.

Jen: Besides, I can look after for him myself.

Deb: Of course you can. Okay.

[Justin stands across the streetfrom Brian's apartment, just like in his dream. Hecrosses the street and runs up the stairs. He knocks onthe door.]

Justin: Brian! Brian!

[Brian opens the door.]

Justin: I'm glad to see you.

Brian: Who else could it be? [Justin want to walk in.]Where you goin'?

Justin: In.

Brian: Did I say you could?

Justin: Don't give me any sh*t, all right? I nearlyfreaked out five times getting here.

Brian: Well, you're gonna have to nearly freak out fivemore times getting home.

Justin: I want to see you.

Brian: Well, you can't, okay?

Justin: Why not? Are you f*cking some guy?

Brian: None of you're f*cking business. Go away!

[Brian closes the door in Justin's face.]

Justin: But why? WHY?!

[Wertshafter and Co. The camerapans past men in cubicles, each looking at straight pornon their computer. The camera stops on Ted. Ted's lookingat g*y porn, featuring a guy nicknamed "TheChunnel," who's sticking a huge black dildo wherethe sun don't shine. Ted's also on the phone with Emmett,busy dressing a mannequin at Torso.]

Ted: You can't believe what this guy can take. No wonderthey call him "The Chunnel".

Emmett: Are you at Misterfister.net again?

Ted: It's my late afternoon coffee break.

Emmett: I supposed you're early afternoon coffee break,you're late morning coffee break...

Ted: Some guys get all the breaks.

Emmett: When do you find the time to work?

`

Ted: Let me just finished this. Actually I work on myreport that Wertshafter expecting it... [he's looking atthe screen.] Holy sh*t, he's playing high de-hydrant!

Emmett: The fire dydrant?

[Ted spills coffee all over his lap.]

Ted: f*ck!

Emmett: What? What?

Ted: Just spill coffee on my pants.

Emmett: Watch out for the creme.

Ted: I...I gotta get off.

Emmett: Are you sure you didn't already?

Ted: f*ck...

[Ted tries to dry his pants. Suddenly Mr.Wertshaftercomes up.]

Mr. Wertshafter: Schmidt!

[Mr. Wertshafter see Ted's wet pants and looks at hiscomputer screen and see the g*y porn.]

Ted: Mr. Wertshafter, I can... I can explain this... I...I... f*ck!

[Justin's room. Justin's throwinga big ole temper tantrum, along with everything else hecan get his hands on. He's ripping his pictures off thewall, the sheets off the bed, books off the table.Jennifer and Molly come running in.]

Jen: Justin, my God. What are you doin'? Stop it. Stop!

Molly: Why is Justin freaking out?

Jen: Molly, go back to you're room. Go on! Justin, pleasestop it.

[Jen tries to get Justin to calm down by grabbing hisarm. Justin repells her.]

Justin: You told him, you didn't want him to see meanymore, didn't you?

Jen: It was for you're own good and he agreed.

Justin: You had no right!

Jen: Justin, I want you safe from and that everythingwill be alright.

[She tries to touch him to comfort but his repells heragain.]

Justin: Guess what, it's too late! Thing's never gonna bealright. My life is f*cked. Chris Hobbes saw to that! Heshould have k*lled me!

[The gym. Mike and Emmett workout as Ted rans on and on.]

Ted: And then f*cking Wertshafter gave me the shaft, canyou believe it?

Emmett: I wouldn't believe it first the first threehundred times you you've told me.

Ted: He fired me. Me - the hardest worker and devotedemployee he's got. And for what?

Michael: w*nk*ng to the web?

Ted: No, no, no, no. I wasn't w*nk*ng. I was watching -same as everybody else in that office. The onlydifference I wasn't watching like everbody else watches.

Emmett: Straight sex.

Ted: Yeah, it's fine to salevate over some bimbo withboops.

Michael: That's discrimination on the workplace.

Ted: You're damn right, it is. If he thinks for a minutethat I'm not gonna find another place to reveal mysexuality like you, no offense, but he is mightelymistaken.

Michael: Don't worry, Ted. But with you're educationexperience you'll find another job.

Ted: Yeah, I wouldn't be so sure. Not after the find outthe reason I cease. Christ. What I'm gonna be do?

Emmett: Well, maybe there is something in be here.

Ted: Well, in that f*g wag, please!

Emmett: Well I was thinking I'm looking for a bluelightposition for myself, something to argument my income.Huh, what's this? "Earn up to a hundred dollar anhour."

Ted: An hour?

Michael: Doin' what?

Emmett: Well, what we call and find out? [he dials.]Hello? Yes, I came across you're add in "In andOut".

Ted: This wouldn't be the first time.

Emmett: Is it true you can earn up to a hundred dollarsan hour? Really? And what exactly does one have to do?

Michael: Volunteer for hideous medical experiments? Serveas a live target for the military?

Emmett: Oh, that's all? It's one of the those domesticservices -- you know, waiters, private parties, maids.

Ted: It's a lot of bucks for house keeping.

Michael: You made more in a couple hours than I make in aweek in Big Q. What about you?

Ted: I have an MBA from Wharton. I don't do windows.

Michael: I have three semesters from Allegate CommunityCollege. I'll do anything.

Emmett: Oh, that's fabulous. Yes, well thank you. Theyhave openings right now. [to his butt] Well, boys. Thingsare looking up.

[Brian's loft. Brian's justfinished with some trick.]

Guy: Did you ever see Citizen Kane?

Brian: Yeah.

Guy: All my life, all I've heard is how it's the greatestfucking movie ever made. So I finally rent it. The guywho plays the lead is fat. The story about some sledsucks. And it's in black and white.

Brian: Maybe you're expecting to much.

Guy: Like with you. All I ever heard is how Brian Kinneyis the greatest f*ck ever. If you ask me, you're bothhighly overrated.

Brian: Everybody's a critic. [They've going to the door.]Next time maybe you should rent bottle boys. I gave ittwo thumps up.

[He opens the door naked. Jennifer stand on the otherside. Jennifer is discombobulated. Brian acts likenothing's amiss.]

Jen: I came at the wrong time.

Brian: [looks to the guy] You two have a lot in common.

[The guy leaves his room. Brian lollygags across the roomand grabs some pants.]

Jen: May I come in? [Brian nodded.] This place is very...glamorous.

Brian: Does the trick.

Jen: I'm sure. You know if you ever feel like selling I'mrealtor now.

Brian: He's not here.

Jen: I know. That's why I came, to ask you a favor.

Brian: I already did you one.

Jen: Yeah, but uh not this one's for him. I want you totake him.

Brian: Excuse me?

Jen: I want you to take my son.

Brian: Mrs.Taylor...

Jen: Jennifer.

Brian: Whatever, what the f*ck are you're talking about?

Jen: He...wouldn't let anyone touch him, let anyone nearhim, shows practically no emotion except when he's in oneof his ranges or he asleep screaming from a nightmare butthat's not even the worst part. The worst part isstanding there, helpless. Do you have any idea what thatfeels like?

Brian: What would you like me to do?

Jen: Touch him. Help him be touched.

Brian: You want me to f*ck him?

Jen: You're the one he trusts. If that's what it takes.

Brian: I thought you want me never gonna see him again.

Jen: I don't but um, if I'm never gonna seen my son everremotely resemble the person he was. And don't have achoice.

[Melanie and Lindsay's house.Melanie puts together the swing set in the living room,Lindsay divides up party favors in the dining room, andTed stands in the doorway between the two.]

Ted: And there's nothing I can do. No recorse, nolaw-sue, no damages?

Mel: Two words, Teddy - you're screwd.

Ted: That it's extremely interaction.

Mel: Ou! f*ck this thing! [she smatters it on the ground.] There is no law in the state that provence discrimination of gays in the workplace. Wertshafter cando whatever the hell he wants.

Ted: f*ck! Son of a b*tch, you know I have a mind to walk right in the town exactly how I feel.

Lindsay: Want to. Look him straight in the eye and tell him even in the opposite you think what he did isunjustly and unequitable.

Ted: Right, I just might do that. Maybe. Thanks for theadvice - The Sucker.

Lindsay: Bye.

Mel: Bye.

Lindsay: Poor Ted.

Mel: It's one more example of having no rights.

Lindsay: Like getting married?

Mel: You aren't this gonna start again?

Lindsay: Hey, let me finish. That night we came back frommy sisters wedding, I went into the garden after you fellasleep.

Mel: You did?

Lindsay: Mmmh-mmmh. I study imagine exactly how I want itto look. What you call it?

Mel: Chuppah.

Lindsay: A chuppah under the tree. Pink and white flowersand little twinky lights everywhere like the milky way

Mel: Uh-huh.

Lindsay: But today I was out as I figured out that Idecorate for Gus's party and I said to myself, 'Peterson- what the hell are you thinking? I mean, you gonna havetwenty tallers on Saturday and have to handle withtandrums and tears and drop. Mel's right. The time forbeing romantic has past.'

Mel: Look, I don't mean that.

Lindsay: It's a silly ritual for straight people. A bankrupt institution. No, we have to be practical now.So, I apologize for making it such a big deal. And I promise to never, never mention it again. [Brian's jeep. Justin as passenger. Brian's driving.]

Justin: She though she could keep us apart. 'I don't want you see my son anymore.' We showed her.

Brian: Would you shut up?

Justin: What for?

Brian: Because I said so. And because you sound like animmature brat.

Justin: Maybe I am.

Brian: Then you can kick out you're a*s out and walk home- right now.

Justin: What is the matter with you?

Brian: She was trying to do the right thing. You don'tknow how lucky you are to have a mother like that.

Justin: Now I could stay with you. Yee-haw!

Brian: Just until you're get better.

Justin: There's nothing wrong. Except from my gip head...f*cking Hobbs.

Brian: I don't think about it.

Justin: How come you're doin' this?

Brian: What, driving with no hands?

Justin: No, why lettin' me stay with you?

Brian: Why did you care? It's that what you want.

Justin: I know why. It's because you love me madly,passionately, deeply. Just like I always suspected.

[Mike and Emmett wander around amansion, until they come across a kitchen bustling withactivity.]

Michael: It's a pretty fency place.

Emmett: Well, they paying this, it have to be.

Michael: I never bein a waiter. I don't know if I coulddo this.

Emmett: Honey, this is you're family business. It's inyour blood. Now, you go in there and make your motherproud.

Man: Are you two the waiters?

Emmett: Oh, yes sir.

Man: But why aren't you dressed?

Michael: Um, they said you give us the uniforms whenwe've got here.

Man: The outfits? (to another man) Where are the outfits?Quickly! [He gives them two bags.] Hurry up and put theseon.

[Mike and Emmett take the bags they're given and pull outa cummerbund each.]

Michael: Where is the rest of the tux?

[The man got's stressed and leaves them alone.]

Emmett: Excuse me, I think there's been a...mistake.

[The mansion's dining room. Mikeand Emmett walk in, wearing only cummerbunds and blackbowties. Each holds a wine bottle in front of his d*ck.]

Emmett: Uh, white wine, uh, or red?

Man#1: White.

Emmett: Very good, sir.

[Emmett shifts bottles and pours while the man smacks himon the butt and hangs on.]

Michael: Shrimp ba*ls?

[Man#2 leers at Mike's crotch.]

Man#2: I wouldn't say that.

[Michael also get pinched in his butt.]

Michael: Keep your hands off the tenderloin.

[Brian's loft. Brian lounges inbed, naked. Justin comes over and lies down as far fromBrian as possible.]

Brian: What are you doin' all over there? Come closer.What are the all clothes? You might get over heated.

[Justin nervously gets undressed. Brian kisses Justinsoftly.]

Brian: Roll over.

[He grabs a condom and puts it on, but before he can doanything else.]

Justin: Don't. Don't! - I can't.

[Justin sits on the bed and cry loudless.]

Brian: It's okay.

Justin: It's not okay!

[At Woody's. Brian ask some otherguy on the bar.]

Man: You know, for someone who has enough disorders tomerit your own classification in the Diagnostic andStatistical Manual, you are one of the most well-adjustedand high-functioning b*stards I know.

Brian: Thanks (!)

Man: What's you're secret?

Brian: A series of hopeless addictions, for one. And, uh,never seeing a shrink, for another.

Man: You're seeing someone there. So, you're try to holdhim, have sex with him but he wouldn't let you touch him?This must be a first for you. However, it'sunderstandible. Something like that happens, natuarlyhe's afraid to anyone touch him - even you.

Brian: But he get over it, right?

Man: It depends. It's like a fairy tale. Rapunzel trappedin a tower. Hansel and Gretel caged by the witch. Only inthis case, it's Justin's memory that's been locked up.And it's up to you to release it, Handsome Prince.

Brian: And... how the f*ck do I do that?

Man: Trigger his memory. Get him the feel from pain.

Brian: Are you shidding me?

Man: It's only he can process and beyond it. He's alwaysgoing to feel isolated and unhappy and alone. Not justthe walking wounded. The walking dead.

Brian: You're very eloquent when you're drunk.

Man: I'm afraid times up.

Brian: So, how much do I own you?

Man: I'll take it out in trade. Next time I see you inthe baths.

[Mike and Emmett's. Mike has hispants pulled down just low enough to allow us to see hisbutt in the mirror behind him. His behind is covered withred marks.]

Michael: It was awful -- all those dirty old men, staringat me and pinching my a*s.

Emmett: It was fabulous! All those dirty old men staringat me and pinching my a*s!

Ted: Welcome to Point-Counterpoint.

Emmett: Besides since when have you bruise marks? Didn'tit feel better? We're each made 500 dollars.

Michael: How much is it after taxes?

Ted: Why you asking me for?

Michael: You're an accountant.

Ted: Was an accountant.

Emmett: Well, it's clear to me what you have to do.

Ted: How to open a milk carton isn't clear to you.Nevertheless I can't wait to hear you're thoughs.

Emmett: Sue him. Take his h*m* a*s...

Michael: Au!

Emmett: Sorry, sweety. ...to court and sue him for 10mill. No make it twenty. Okay. My turn.

[Emmett lies down on his front and Michael salves hisass.]

Ted: That's brilliant, only Melanie told me there is nolaw in the state covered discrimination based on sexualorientation.

Michael: Gross that!

Emmett: Now just rub!

Ted: I'm gonna talk to Wertshafter confront him like aman, tell him 'Look, I'm an loyal and devoted employeefrom nine years. He's got no right to treat me like thisbecause I'm g*y.' Then I'm gonna gravel.

Michael: That sounds like a plan.

Emmett: What type of pathetic p*ssy boys are you? Where'syour pride? Where's your self-respect? Where's yourdignity? [phone rings.] Hello? Yes, is he. Yes. I believewe're availible. Thank you very much. [he hangs up.] Awealthy client would like an attractive domestic topolish his silver.

Michael: I hope your butt holds up.

Emmett: Honey bucks allow lotion. Alright boys, I'm offto buff in the buff!

Ted: So much for dignity.

[At the loft, Brian, Justin, andDaphne roll up the carpet, push away the furniture, andstart the healing process.]

Daphne: Well, we're dancing. And, uh, I think they'replaying this. That's when Brian came in he had on a tuxwith a white sulk stratch.

[Quick flashbacks to the prom.]

Justin: I think I can remember that. - I'm not sure.

Daphne: Well, you looked awesome. And he said to me.

Brian: [flash to the prom] "You look hot, Daphne.I'd f*ck you."

Daphne: And then he asked if he can borrow you to danceand he took you're hands and let you to the dancefloor.And they playing this.

[Music: Ben E.King "# Save the Last Dance forMe". While this following scene there is a few shortflashbacks to the prom night.]

Brian: Close you're eyes and remember.

#You can dance-every dance with the guy Who gives you theeye,let him hold you tight

You can smile-every smile for the man Who held your handneath the pale moonlight

But don't forget who's takin' you home And in whose armsyou're gonna be

So darlin' save the last dance for me

Brian:Well?

Justin: We're really dance to this corny old song?

Brian: I'm prefered to think about it as ridiculouslyromantic.

Daphne: You should have seen it. You and Brian had theentire floor to yourselfs.

Brian: And did some pretty fancy moves.

Daphne: Mauls were dropping. You were so cool and then...then you guys kissed - so hot.

Justin: You kissed me? In front of everybody?

Brian: Yeah. You should have been there.

#You can dance,go and carry on

Till the night is gone

And it's time to go #

[The Big Q. Tracy and Mike are ontheir way out of the store.]

Tracy: So, first day back. How d'you feel?

Michael: Like I never left.

Tracy: I know what you mean. Working at the Big Q kind ofspoils you for anything else.

[They run into Andrew.]

Andrew: There you are, Novotny. Callagher who supposedjust called in to sick. You need you to stay untilmidnight.

Michael: But I just finished a ten hour shift.

Andrew: Are you saying you have a problem? Because I'dhate to think I hired an assistant manager who's refusingto do the job.

Michael: Sure. I'll stay. Happy to.

Andrew: Good. Take up you're coat, make youself at homeand start retagging these. See you in the morning. Oh,and... welcome back.

[he left.]

Tracy: Look, I can call my boyfriend and I cancel dinner.He needs to lose a few pounds anyway.

Michael: No, no, you're goin' Tracy. No reason everyonesnight should be ruined.

[Brian drives Justin to theParking Deck. They leave the car.]

Brian: You've walked down with be back to the jeep. Wewere... goofy. We're dancing... I kissed yout. Then youturn around... smiled. And then I knew why Debbie callsyou 'Sunshine.' And then I went back to the jeep and thenI saw him in rearview mirror coming up to you.

[several flashbacks during this scene. Then Justin get'shitted and he lies on the ground.]

Brian: CHRIST! Don't you remember aynthing?

[Justin turns around and see Brian gets sick of thinkabout this night.]

Justin: I wish I could remember.

Brian: I wish I could forget.

[Wertshafter and Co. Ted entersthe office of Mr.Wertshafter, carrying a box of all hisstuff.]

Mr.Wertshafter: Schmidt, what are you still doin' here?

Ted: I came by to pick my Mr.Coffee and to speak withyou, sir, if I may. Mr.Wertshafter as a loyal and devotedemployee of nine years...

Mr.Wertshafter: Eight years, eleven month, six days.

Ted: You're always were precize, sir, right to thedigend. That's why is Wertshafter on the door, I guess. Ijust want you to know how unreasonable and unfair I thinkit is that you dissmissed me for such a minor infraction.I'm sure if it was one of the others, you would havelooked the other way. The only difference is because I'm,I'm...I'm...

Mr.Wertshafter: A h*m*.

Ted: Precizly.

Mr.Wertshafter: You gays. Every time something happens,you think it's about discrimination. Well, this isn'tabout discrimination, this is about company policy.Anyone found using the internet for reasons other thanbusiness purposes will be dismissed forthwith. You'relucky I didn't charge you for the time you spent online.

Ted: Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

[He wants to leave.]

Mr.Wertshafter: Schmidt.

Ted: Yes, sir?

Mr.Wertshafter: One more thing. Are you happy being anaccountant?

Ted: Happy?

Mr.Wertshafter: Does balancy the books makes your heartbeat faster?

Ted: No, sir, not really.

Mr.Wertshafter: Then I'm doing you a favor. Findsomething you have a passion for. Otherwise, you're justjerking yourself off.

[Mel and Lindsay's Backyard.Gus's birthday party is in full swing, and Debbie bringsout the cake to a burst of applause. Lindsay, holding Gusin her lap.]

Lindsay: Take a wish, sweetheart.

Ted: [whispers] I want a new job. I want a new job. Iwant a new job.

Emmett: Not you!

Ted: He's too young. And I really need it.

Mel: One, Two, Three...

[All three blows the candles out. All cheers.]

Mel: I just like to say what a thrill it is for Lindsayand me to be celebrating our beautiful son's and

howhappy we are. How very happy that you all are here toshare it with us. [she's looking in Justin's direction.]

Deb: Would you cut the schmaltz so I can cut the cake?

Mel: Okay, grab a fork before the icecream mells. C'mon.

[Mel and Lindsay are happily feeding each other cake andkissing when a little redheaded girl steps up and pokesMelanie on the shoulder.]

Mel: Yes, honey?

Girl: Are you and her married?

Mel: Um... [she's looking to Lindsay.] No, sweety, we'renot.

Girl: How come?

Lindsay: Ask you're mommy and daddy to explain that toyou in about... twenty years.

[Debbie brings a slice of cakeover to Mike, who's sitting on the swing.]

Deb: You want some?

Michael: You know, white flour and white sugar are aboutthe worst thing you can put in your body.

Deb: Uh-huh. [she's eating a piece.] Thirty years ago,you had you're first birthday party in the backyard withthe kids, and the cake, and the swing set. I still didn'tknow what a scratch it is. Some things never change.

Michael: You're wrong, ma. Things change a lot. If youdon't change within, you're left behind. Look at me - I'm... I'm right back on the same place I was before andeverybody else have moved on. I feel lost, mom.

Deb: Oh baby, you're not lost - you're just full of sh*t.

[She smacks Mike lightly on the cheek.]

Deb: You're only lost if you're alone. You are surroundedby people who love you. You're gonna find your way. Nowgo and enjoy the party.

[She kisses Michael on his cheek. You can still see herlipstick on it.]

[Back at the party, Brian'sLesbians are helping Gus open his presents. They pull outa big yellow whiffle bat.]

Lindsay: Oooh, you see... [to Brian] Your son's going tobe a baseball player!

Brian: Yeah, well, if you make a man out of him, I'mgoing to hold you personally responsible.

[Justin look at the yellow whiffle bat. His memory ofprom night is triggered when he sees the phallicgender-specific toy. He starts to shake.]

Brian: Justin?

[We see the prom night. Chris Hobbs just going behindJustin. Brian jumps out the jeep.]

Brian: [prom night] "Justin!"

[He starts to wince. He starts to cower. Brian throws hisarms around Justin in comfort, and Justin hangs on.]

[Later that evening, Melanie andLindsay tear down the decorations.]

Mel: This was one hell of a birthday party.

Lindsay: Thanks.

Mel: What you're planned for the second?

Lindsay: Leave town and stick you with it. Now give me ahand.

Mel: You know this would be a perfect place for ourwedding. The white sadden roses, twinkle lights, ahopper, but I was thinking over by the rosebushes.Linds...

Lindsay: I though we put this one to the rest for all.

Mel: Kendall Morgenburgh getting up in me.

Lindsay: Who?

Mel: The little girl who ask if we're married. I realizedthat someday our kid is going to ask us the very samequestion. And when he does I have to say, "no".Then he wanted to know "why not". And then Ihave to tell him the gutts. Straight people wouldn'tmatters. Only that's not the whole truth.

Lindsay: Which is?

Mel: We wouldn't give ourselves permission.

[Linds just drop the decoration to Mel's head.]

Lindsay: Sorry.

[Mel getting it and just throw away. She gets down on herknee.]

Mel: If it's not too late to be romantic. LindsayPeterson - will you marry me?

Lindsay: Are you proposing to me? Well, I'm just gonnahave to think it over... yes!

[She jumps into Melanie's arms. Melanie picks her uptwirls her around, as they both laugh with glee.]

[Brian's loft. Justin's sleeping,but wakes up when he hears Brian puttering around thekitchen. Brian takes an entire century to realizeJustin's awake, and then walks over to the bed.]

Brian: Better now?

Justin: Mmmh-mmmh.

Brian: You really freaked me out.

Justin: You?

Brian: It was like you got hit all over again.

Justin: I remembered walking away. And suddenly hearingyour voice call my name, to warn me. You never told meabout that. You tried to save me.

Brian: I guess I forgot.

Justin: It's a good thing one of us remembered.

[They kiss each other. Justin reaches into Brian's shirtand pulls out the scarf.]

Justin: [whispers] I want you inside me.

Brian: Are you sure?

Justin: Yeah. Just... take it easy.

Brian: Like the first time?

[They begin to make love. The camera pans down to thescarf on the floor.]

Powered by phpBB® Forum Software © phpBB Limited